me after my dreadful day with George —"
So there I was, eating my choc-cake
some speech I composed secretly
in to my pocket, & not listening in
But then, as I always say
family comes before art, like
God & King George —

NYPL

Rota 2.V.63

52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone: Museum 2621.

Monday 19th Dec 1933

Here, after a long interval, is
the name & address of the
Times Supt. reviewer —
C.C. Williams: 16 Aubrey
walk W. 8.
So I hope you'll write him a
nice kind letter. And oh
Lord how I wish M. Baring
wouldn't write nice kind
letters about you to the N.S.
Why drag in these faded
testimonials, as if you were a
10th rate 2 secretaries
beta back in need of advertisement?
How sarcoma Whored be if my

friend would like that about me! — but well intentioned no doubt.

No. we did not go to Rodmell this week end, but must go on Monday. I see this howling horror through. Again I ask, why is humanity bent on self-torture? I ascribe it doubly to your religion. Have you read Eliot? I ask, because in the watches of the night - I was thinking a the differences between generations: I was thinking how you admire Robert Peckham (by Mr. B.) & I hate it & you, nor hate; but merely feel that a spider has walked across a sandpond: & then how you hate Eliot; so what happens in the brain of man. what standard is there, why there should be divergences. But I must work.

V.

NYPL

Rotch 2.4.63

Monks Horton. Thursday 4 Jan/34

Many congratulations on terentii oration
Last night. I expect you're too
overwhelmed, with that & other things, to
have time to read a wretched letter -
And we've just had news that Rose is
2: sisters is dying. So no more.

Coming to the Lunch on the 18th.

1934

Monks Horton. Thursday 4 Jan/34

Many congratulations on terrulii oration
Can imagine. I expect you're too
overwhelmed, with thanks & other things, to
have time [illegible] & write letters -
And we've just had news that Rome is
2; sisters is dying. So no more.

Coming to the lunch on Thu 18th.

1934

Monks Horne

Thursday 11 Jan 1934

Yes. I know I ought to have written, but
I've been living in such a different world.
Leonard's sister you see — so you've
forgotten all that, very naturally, in
your general hellish Shelley — died, poor
woman: actually was killed by her husband;
& I went up to see my mother-in-law; &
really should have drawn tears from a
stone — poor old woman, aged 84, she'd
sat up 2 nights with the dying & the
husband, a cheap American ruffian,
with whom she'd quarrelled violently: there
they sat hour by hour, the daughter died
between them; & my mother-in-law, used
to be asked to live as life & an extraordinary
question: "And why am I left alive?" —
good epitaph:

Rota 2.4.63

2 then there was the funeral & all the Jews came to Tavistock Sq & ran round like prophets in their black clothes & top hats denouncing unrighteousness. But I can't tell the whole story & you living in a blaze of glory. How odd that two such different versions of life should go on at the same time

NYPL

But what was an "agony" to you, this birthday, why the devil didn't you warn them weeks & say I won't have it? Or do you like some parts & not others? No no no, we shall never see eye to eye about Keats & Shelley & Vita & Cheerhina & what Common & what fun — but it doesn't matter a straw that I can see, since no doubt the God in whom both you & I is no doubt roaring with laughter both at you & at me. We come back on Tuesday I think - in haste & illegibly V.

52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone : Museum 2621.

Sunday
Jan 21. 1934

I'm sorry I couldn't write yesterday, but we were at Cambridge all day. Here are my engagements:

Monday 22nd Ran Macaulay, friend to tea.
Tuesday 23rd. Kept for Vanessa & Angelica.
Wed. 24th I'm dining out & want to rest my legs (I'm rather afflicted with a bitter temperature) before hand.
Thurs 25th no good for you: a American & Frenchman here. (No that Tuesday night)
Friday 26th we go to Rodmell.

I know you don't care for mixed interviews, but Lord knows how I'm to weep a clear space — I'm rather of your opinion that

Rota 2.4.63

private conversations are the only fruitful, but
how is one to live up every day to a
'characte person'? Even the organic
energy of the generals daughter could not run life
on that magnificant scale. But I know
what you like - I'll do my best. I'm longing to
No, I've never read anything by C. St John about Bronno walks
Corbin the edited Ellen Terry's Letters to Rehearsal,
GBS. which I thought admirable: on the other & so is
hand I didn't like the Ellen Terry life
edited perhaps by her — but I may be thinking of
Edith Craig: I so am at sea - what to suggest
for a cronstrained Catholic I can't think.
Surely the Lorats, Barings, Chatwicks provide
for all their own feathers? Yes, the
haunts Vita. Oh I was lonely in the country
yesterday - & today the square is like a cage in
hell, the rackings just visible in yellow fog. V.

No ~~word~~ from Bruno W.

32 T.S. Thursday

8 Feb 1934

I'm sorry to have been so remiss,
but I am sick in bed, & have seen
"Nobody", except Vanessa, nor done
more than scrawl a note or two.
I'm better but the bitter temperature
influenza virus which always makes its way in to my
head & doesn't easily move. If I'm
all right we shall go to Rodmell for
2 or 3 days this weekend. & I
hope come back cured. So I've
no news whatever, not much
faculty as yet. Why accuse me